





Ick de Gutchels Gelt belevon

Let em be ruind so we are made

Blomm down but not forgotten

Shelter for friends

Charitable Corporation Flower

Mr. Brown

Five Treasury Pinks

Ready upon accasion

We Speak for the Ready.

A
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COLLECTION

OF

STATE FLOWER

Britons! behold the Product of your Isle,
What Flow'rs adorn, and what disgrace your Soil;
This, like a Stately Mortal rears its Head,
O'er-aw'd by Pow'r, that dies within its Bed:
Emblems of Mankind, they alternate reign,
Then judge the vicious Growth, and guess the MEN.

DESCRIPTION of the FRONTISPIECE.

A large *Sun-Flower*, with branching Stalks, the Leaves all turning to the darts down strong Rays upon it, from Above: Just by it a *Rose-Tree* torn Root, and the Leaves flying all about, dispers'd by a Storm that issues out of the of the *Sun-Flower*; on the Body of the *Sun Flower*, *Shelter for Friends*: On *Tree*, *Cast down, but not forsaken*. At some Distance another large *Flower*, with int Leaves, like *Guineas*; on the Stalks are two Men shaking down the suppo which a Woman gathers up in Bags below; out of her Mouth, *Oh! Ick de Beleuven*. At the Bottom of the Tree stands a Man with an Axe, hewing out of his Mouth, *Let them be ruin'd, so we are made*. At the Root of the *Sun* five small *Pinks*, with a *Guinea* over each; under them, *Tools upon Occasion*. Distance are sixteen *Thistles*, in a bending Posture; under 'em, *We spea Ready*.

L O N D O N:

Printed and fold by J. DORMER, at the Printing-Off
Green Door, in *Black and White* Court in the Old Ba

[Price One Shilling.]

M.DCCXXXIV.

COLLECTED OF STAFF FLOW

Britons! Behold the Product of your Life
 What Flowers above, and what distance you see
 This like a Stately-Mountain rears its Head
 O'er-arch'd by Fervor, that dies within its Bed
 Emblem of a Kingdom, they otherwise reign
 Then judge of Guilt, and grasp the Mace



DESCRIPTION OF THE FLOWERS
 A large, branching plant, with many leaves all running to
 down from a single point from which the leaves
 root, and the leaves are all about, distant by a
 of the two flowers; on the body of the two flowers
 Two, each down, but not separate. At some distance another large flower
 leaves, like Guineas; on the stalks are two more looking down
 which a Woman gathers up in bags below, out of the Mouth; Out of
 between. At the bottom of the Tree stands a Man with an axe
 out of his Mouth. Let them be turned to an emblem. At the bottom
 five more. Under with a Guinea over each under them. Twelve
 Distance are fifteen Flowers in a bending posture, under the
 ground.

L O W D O W
 Printed and sold by J. DORMER, at the Printing
 Green Door, in Black and White Court in the Old
 Price One Shilling



A
COLLECTION
OF
STATE FLOWERS.



WHILST fierce *Bellona* threatens loud

Alarms,

O'er-spreads the Globe, and *Europe* burns to Arms;

Whilst furious Discord reigns 'twixt Rival Crowns,

T' enlarge their Empires, and extend their Bounds;

Crown'd with the Garlands of triumphant Peace,

Thy Sons, *Britannia*, roll in Wealth and Ease;

B

Whilst

Whilst bounteous Nature, with a lavish Hand,

Scatters her Golden Harvests thro' the Land;

Entranc'd in Bliss, they feast on Nature's Joys,

And hug the Blessings of serenest Skies:

Be this the Labour of sublimer Pens,

To paint their Heroes in immortal Strains;

Be mine the Task to sing in humbler Rhime

Of Od'rous Flow'rs, that glow in vernal Prime;

By Chance directed, make a diff'rent Run,

Nip'd by the Winds, or cherish'd by the Sun.

N E A R that enclosed Spot of Royal Ground,

Where Pow'r prevails, and Majesty's enthron'd;

Where *Courtly Crowds* at awful Distance stand,

To pay Obedience, or receive Command;

A Flowry Off-spring rear their fragrant Heads,

Diffuse their Sweets, and nod within their Beds;

Whilst

Whilst beauteous *Flora*, with peculiar Care,
 Unfolds the Leaves, to let in balmy Air;
 Directs their Motion by the influent Ray,
 Quickens their Course, and cheers 'em into Day.

BUT, ah! what means that Flow'r of *tawny Hue*?
 That flames with Pride, and rises but for Shew;
 Thro' nobler Ranks which boldly makes its Way,
 And shifts its Sides, to meet the God of Day;
 In gloomy Pomp uprears its lofty Head,
 And reigns the Tyrant of the flowry Bed:
 Withdraw thy friendly Beams, immortal Light,
 Nor let the *Yellow* longer wound our Sight;
 Too long, kind Planet, hast thou cheer'd its Face,
 And o'er its Foilage shed thy warmer Rays;
 Now change its Doom, and let vain Mortals know,
 That Hand that rais'd it up, can strike it low.

See! from its lowring Shade, what Tempests gloom!

And threatens Vengeance to the Rose's Bloom;

The spotless Leaves to distant Spaces fly,

Borne by the angry Winds to damp our Joy;

Oh! let once more the scatter'd Sweets unite,

And bless *Britannia* with their native *White*;

When *They* return, *Their* Prefence glads each Heart,

And *Sorrow* veils our Eyes as *They* depart:

Thus cloath'd in Charms when *Cleopatra* came

To *Cæsar's* Camp, the Boast of *Egypt's* Name,

Th' Imperial Lord with Joy receiv'd his Guest,

And Transport reign'd in ev'ry *Roman* Breast;

But when Occasion call'd, and she return'd,

Each Face wore *Sorrow*, and whole Legions mourn'd;

All bless'd the friendly Stars which caus'd her Stay,

But chid the Pow'rs which took the Prize away.

More

More would the Muse, but diff'rent *Flowerets* rise,

Of *Giant Growth*, and *CORPORATION* Size:

See yon *tall Flow'r*, by Heav'n at first design'd,

For *CHARITABLE USE* to serve Mankind;

Whose globous *Leaves* distill their *golden Dew*,

To *solace Want*, and chear th' *Industrious Few*;

The *Leaves*, like *Adam's fatal Tree*, take place,

Embitter Life, and curse a future *Race*:

Ah! *Gammer Brown*, thy *Cheeks* betray no *Want*,

To join with *S---n*, *B-----s*, or with *G---t*!

Suppress, for *Shame*! th' infatiate *Thirst* for *Gold*,

Repentance may be late, when *Thou'rt* grown old.

See! *Thy Companions* share in the *Disgrace*,

Submit to *Censure*, and a *Loss of Place*;

Drove from *Their Seats*, as *worthless* and *unfit*

To herd with *Job'rer B---tes* and *K---s* of *Wit*.

Such *faithless Practice*, such *illegal Works*,

Shew plain your *Schemist* dwelt among the *Turks*:

But here's a ready *Salve* to heal th' *Undone*,

Who'll make a *Push*, the *Lottery's* begun:

Yet still beware, ye *Sharers in Distress*,

The *desp'rate Cure's* not worse than the *Disease*.

Thus when some *Artist* probes a dang'rous *Wound*,

The *Sore's* dilated, e'er the *Patient's* sound.

THE *sprightly Pink* next claims the *Muses Aid*,

A *party-colour'd Flow'r*, and streak'd with *Red*;

Rais'd for some *private Ends*, from *simple Worth*,

The *gaudy Lilliputian* of the *Earth*;

Yet boasts *Pretensions* to a *modern Stall*,

And always ready at the *Sun-Flow'r's* Call:

Close to the *Root*, behold a *Label* lies,

And, in grand *Capitals* engrav'd, *EXCISE*.

To less laborious Tasks direct thy Fate,
 Fitter for *Ladies Breasts*, than *Jobs of S---*;
 Where, if thou find'st thy *Merit* has no *Force*,
 Quit the *false Fair*, or sue for a *Divorce*;
 Live in thy Own *melodious, stupid Song*,
 And, tho' bow'd down with Years, be always *Young*.

At length the *Thistle* shews its *prickly Face*,
 And sues in *Forma Paup'* for some *small Place*;
 For tho' in *Britain* like a *Weed* it grows,
 The *Northern Gent* prefer it to the *Rose*:
 Then view *Sixteen* rang'd out in *Green Array*,
 Industrious K --- ts, and *Sons of Present Pay*,
 Who bend their *Necks*, and, with *obedient Head*,
 Cringe low beneath the *Sun-Flow'r's* ample *Shade*;
 The wild *Grisons* and they agree in this,
 That where there's *Point d' Argent*, there's *Point
 de Swiss*.

Oh!

Oh! glorious *D'Anvers*, born of noble Race,
 Who beg't no *Pension*, and who scorn't *all Place*.
Titles and Honours are but *empty Things*,
Helpless Rewards, confer'd by gracious *Kings*;
 Gay, gaudy *Names*, that set off humble *Birth*,
 But add no *Lustre* to *intrinsic Worth*:
These, with a *native Greatness*, You decline,
 For *Gold* still brings its *Value* from the *Mine*.



F I N I S

